“Everything is Feeling”
Koopaboo

You could be everything,
but I’d still ask
if you could feel everything.

Your hair could be an absolute blue,
blurring the horizon
between land and sea.

And I’d ask if you can feel
the wind
carrying the scent of white lilies,
and all else with it.

Your internal garden,
where the land is your headrest,
where you let me
experience this part of you.

Even at your lowest state,
the tips of your fingers
are hills resting lightly,
like hands folded in sleep.
And I’d lean against them
in reverence, always reaching for you.

You’d open one eye, the other still dreaming.
The flutter of your lashes is a symphony of wings,
as your half-lidded sun gazes down at me,
softer.

And even in your vastness,
when you can be everything,
I know you can feel everything.